

a second troy

That she should choose solitude or
The love of a mountain, or other men
He could not blame her, nor
That she should inspire
In him a loyal and constant memory.
Had they but courage equal to desire?
But her courage was not in question
Being what she was, focused and strong
And most capable of inflicting an impression -
Even in her steadfast absence he yearns;
The myth folds over on itself
And like another Troy he burns.